Smash Cut

Story: Smash Cut
Storylink: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10749743/1/
Category: Super Smash Brothers
Genre: Humor
Author: thewhitepatch
Authorlink: https://www.fanfiction.net/u/1803169/
Last updated: 08/22/2015
Words: 13770
Rating: T
Status: In Progress
Content: Chapter 1 to 12 of 12 chapters
Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: The Smashers need someone to manage their image and keep track of their affairs. Who better to do that then the one person who has experience dealing with strange people: Robin! Robin has to meet with each individual Smasher while living his own personal life among them. Is everything as it seems? Is there something bad coming for the Smashers? Robin hopes it's not his problem.

Chapter 1: Mario

Some people are going to be really excited about this, others have no idea what's going on, so I'll explain.

Back in January, I began writing a Fire Emblem story called 'Decruited.' Robin would meet with each individual member of his team and fire them from the army. Robin, unlike his canon self, was snarky, fourth wall aware, and a bit of a dick. It was very reminiscent to "Ex-Men" from the Pete Holmes Show.

It was a pretty popular story, if I do say so myself. I realized I could do the same thing with Smash brothers, given how the plot works. In fact, I realized I could increase the scope a bit and make it actually have a story.

To those who care, this story isn't going to be connected to the other two stories that came from Decruited. It's more of a direct sequel, so don't worry about me getting my OC peanut butter mixed with my Smash jelly.

I'll probably reference Fire Emblem Awakening at times throughout the story, if it's called for. Most of the time it might just be a name or a character, so if it goes too in-depth, I'll explain it at the end of the chapter.

Another thing I should warn you about it, spoiler-wise, everything from anything is fair game. I won't just throw out spoilers pointlessly. I'll only do so if the plot (or the comedy) demands it.

The story is split into five different parts. The first four will be the various meetings between Robin and the fighters, split between the four Smash games. The last one deals with the underline plot that's going to be going through the entire story.

Hope you like it!

"Mario, you've become a bit of a polarizing figure." Robin said.

"...It's-a-me, Mario." Mario said. "I'm-a an icon! How am I polarizing?"

"Well, not only are you a somewhat racist Italian stereotype that's been made surprisingly popular, but you also seem to be pandering too much to a Western audience." Robin replied.

"Pandering? How am I-a pandering?" Mario asked.

"You can literally wear the American flag." Robin stated.

"What's-a wrong with that?" Mario asked. "I-a wore it in an old golfing game!"

"Really." Robin said. "Do you honestly think anyone remembers that?"

"...Weegee wears an outfit from some old-a anime we were in, and we-a already have a bunch of obscure-a characters." Mario said. "What's the harm in-a pandering a little?"

"Look, I just wanted to talk to you about wearing some different outfits." Robin said. "More people might be included if we have you wear the colors of all the other countries."

"How many countries are there with flags?" Mario asked.

"...Around 75…" Robin admitted. "This might not work . I doubt that they could all fit in the game."

"What?" Mario asked.

"Yeah, you're right. Might just be easier to pander to the US. Naga knows they eat that shit up." Robin admitted. "Now, the second thing on this list is that you want to change your moveset? What's wrong with it?"

"I was-a thinking that maybe we could make it all FLUDD based." Mario said.

"...Why would anybody want that?" Robin asked.

"Well, you know how popular it was back in the last-a Brawl, right?" Mario asked.

"...That's because everything was based on the Gamecube era." Robin said, then paused. "That doesn't really mean anything to you. Let's just say that this time everything should be based off Galaxy."

"But I like-a FLUDD!" Mario exclaimed. "It's my-a favorite move to use in battle."

"I doubt it even works that much." Robin stated. "Besides, I think we've scratched all the nostalgia points we need to. We got Pac-man, Mega Man, Duck Hunt, and, from Sunshine, Bowser Jr, not to mention all of his siblings." Robin said.

Mario sighed. "Fine." He said.

"Good." Robin said. They sat there in silence for a few moments. "So what's up between you and Peach?"

"What do you-a mean?" Mario asked.

"Do you guys have...something going on?" Robin asked. "Like, you know, me and Lucina?"

"Oh...I know what you-a mean." Mario said, wiggling his eyebrows. "She makes me cake."

"Yeah."

"Oh, yeah."

"..."

"..."

"...You mean real cake, don't you?"

"Well, what else would I-a mean?" Mario asked. "Doesn't Lucina make you-a cake?"

"She tried, once, but it wound up-" Robin stopped himself. "Not the point. Mario, anyone can make anybody cake. What's a special thing couples can do?"

"...Ice cream cake?"

"I'm talking about sex, Mario."

"...Is that something like-a red velvet?"

"Oh Naga." Robin sighed. "I am not giving the mascot of Nintendo the sex talk. I should find someone who knows this kind of stuff to do it."

"You mean like-a Doctor Mario?" Mario asked.

"Don't patronize me." Robin said.

"What?" Mario said. "He's my doctor, too."

"You know what?" Robin said. "We can talk about this later. Why don't you go get an extra life or whatever it is you do in your free time?"

"Okie Dokie!" Mario exclaimed. "So long-a, Robin!"

Robin sighed as Mario left.

"How did I let that gloved asshole talk me into this?"

Guys, Mario can be a bit boring to write, but I think I found it near the end. I would have gone more into the Doctor Mario stuff, but then I'd be out of stuff for his chapter.

Up next: Donkey Kong!

Chapter 2: Donkey Kong

The joke here is extremely meta. If you don't know what going on, you're just going to think the dialogue is weird. However, I trust all of you enough to catch on to what's really going on.

ALSO, forgot to mention this last chapter, but the cover art is from the tumblr Emilia's Fire Emblem Scribbles.

"Ook."

"DK, stop." Robin said.

"Oog. Eek!" DK responded.

"I know you can talk." Robin insisted.

"Ooga ooga." DK said.

"You aren't even making those noises." Robin said. "You're just saying the words 'Ooga ooga.'"

"Ack!" DK exclaimed.

"If you don't stop, I'll get your awareness level ranked down and you'll be treated like an actual animal." Robin said. "That means, among other things, you and Diddy will lose your room."

"...Fine." DK said. "That hardly seems fair, though."

"Well, you were the one who wanted to talk to me." Robin said. "I did actually want to talk to you. People were happy to hear that Donkey Kong was finally here."

"I do have my fans." DK admitted. "I wanted to talk to you about my moveset and hopefully sell you on including some of the members of my crew in the tournament."

"That's not really something I can do." Robin said. "That's something you'd have to bring up with the Hand. I understand what you're saying, though. You are the leader of bunch."

"I want to talk to you about my moveset, since, even though people know me well, I could kick even more tail." DK explained.

"What are you thinking?" Robin asked.

"My coconut gun." DK said. "You know, the one that fires in spurts?"

"Yeah." Robin said. "I see where you're coming from. However, when you shoot it, it really hurts. Too much, in fact. You'd be considered overpowered with that kind of weaponry."

"Bigger, faster, and stronger, too." DK said. "...I see what you mean. What about the other members of my crew? I'm only the first member."

"Who are you thinking?" Robin asked.

"Well, there's Tiny. She's got style and she can shrink down to fit her mood." DK explained. "No other fighter could change their size like that. Also, she can float and climb really well, so those would make great recovery skills."

"I feel like if we chose her, we would be choosing wrong." Robin said.

"Very well." DK said. "I'm just saying, with a skip and a hop, she's one cool Kong."

"...What a weird thing to say." Robin commented. "OK, who's next?"

"Well…" DK mumbled. "There's Lanky…"

"Oh, don't get me started on Lanky!" Robin exclaimed. "He's got no style, no grace, and, frankly, he has quite a funny face!"

"He's my friend!" DK exclaimed. "Besides, he can do handstands, stretch out his hands, and inflate himself like a

balloon!"

"Fine, fine." Robin said. "I'm still not considering him. How's Diddy?" RObin suddenly asked.

"Well, he's back again. About time, too, if you ask me." DK said.

"Where was he?" Robin asked.

"Well, he was in a bit of a mood, but he's over it now." DK said.

"You know, he can fly really high with that jetpack on." Robin commented.

"He's one tough monkey with those pistols of his!" DK exclaimed.

"Kong." Robin corrected.

"What?"

"He's one tough Kong, not one tough monkey." Robin clarified.

"Right. Sorry." Donkey Kong said. "Finally, we get to the last member of the DK crew."

"Ah...Dixie Kong." Robin said.

"No." DK said.

"Cranky Kong?" Robin suggested.

"Nope." DK said.

"Candy Kong?" Robin asked.

"No! Chunky Kong!" DK exclaimed. "He's so strong it isn't funny!"

"I bet he could make anyone cry out for mummy." Robin commented.

"He can pick up a bolder with relative ease. He makes crushing rocks seem like such a breeze." DK said.

"I understand your argument, but I don't think so." Robin said. "He moves slow and he can't jump high. Those are pretty essential to Smash."

"I suppose." DK admitted. "Still, he's a hell of a guy. Anyway, could I suggest some items?"

"Sure." Robin replied. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, I'm going to take it to the fridge with this one." DK said. "Walnuts, peanuts, pineapple smells, grapes, melons, oranges and coconut shells."

"...Those are just food items." Robin said. "DK, we already have those."

"Oh. Sorry." DK said. "Well, I have to break it to the gang that they got shot down. Nice talking to you." DK said, leaving the office.

"...Oh yeah." Robin said, for no particular reason.

I had no idea what I was original going to do with this chapter. Now it's one of my favorites. I'm lucky I have such a good idea for the next chapter.

Up next: Link!

Chapter 3: Link

So this chapter is interesting.

Robin looked at Link.

"...Ok. I'll bite." Robin said. "Why exactly are there three of you?"

The Link in the middle sighed. "Well, you see-"

"Cause the ladies love a three-way!" The Link to the right exclaimed.

"...That doesn't mean what you think it means." The middle Link said.

"Hi! I'm Link!" The Link on the left said.

"...Right." Robin said. "Anyway, I think I can guess it. There are a bunch of different Links and you're all three versions of him."

"We're the badass ones that got into Smash!" The right Link exclaimed. "I'm the Hero of Time by day, lady-killer by night! I was in Smash three times, so I'm kinda better than the others."

"Killing ladies is bad." Left Link said.

"Wait, three times?" Robin asked.

"Time travel, bitch!" He exclaimed.

"Ironically, that's the Link that would later teach me his sword moves after he died prematurely." Middle Link commented,

"What was that?" Time asked.

"Anyway, you can just call me Twilight, because I did some stuff with the Twilight Realm." Twilight said.

"He's totally hitting that Midna chick!" Time exclaimed.

"You cannot hit Midna!" Left Link exclaimed. "She's an assist trophy, not a fighter!"

"I'm not banging Midna!" Twilight said.

"Really?" Time asked. "Cause if you're not…"

"Anyway, the genius to my left is the current Link, from Skyward Sword." Twilight said. "He's fighting all the matches, even though it's my Zelda and Ganondorf who he's fighting against."

"His head's kinda in the clouds." Time said.

"I live in the sky!" Sky exclaimed.

"I can't believe we descend from him…" Twilight commented.

"...Well, you three are an interesting bunch." Robin commented. "If Sky's the current Link, why are you three hanging around?"

"There are, like, five Links hanging around." Time commented. "Two-fifths of them are me, so I don't mind."

"Speak for yourself." Twilight said.

"Shut up, furry." Time retorted.

"I ride a bird!" Sky exclaimed.

"Good for you." Robin said. "This meeting is already confusing and, given what I wanted to ask you about, it's only going to get worse. I need an official account on the timeline for our records. Believe me, time travel can be a tricky business."

"Dude, I skipped puberty. What do you know?" Time asked.

"My best friend got married and had a daughter, who I married and had a child with, who also got married." Robin replied. "This happened in the span of a couple of years."

"...You married a baby?" Sky asked.

"I'm married to Lucina!" Robin exclaimed.

"Man, I thought I could hit that! Never banged a blue-haired chick before!" Time exclaimed.

"Have you ever had sex?" Twilight asked. "Seriously?"

"Bro!" Time exclaimed. "I was surrounded by hotties during my adventure! Blonds, red-heads, green-heads, fish people, and various other hotties! Really showed them my Master Sword! Bow Chicka Bow Wow!"

"That might be a bit too obvious." Robin said to himself.

"Sometimes, when a girl what's to show you that she likes you, she'll push you off of a flying island." Sky commented.

"You really should take Sky's advice." Robin said. "He's the only one who has canon on his side when it comes to having a girlfriend."

"He sure would do a hell of a lot better than you…" Twilight commented.

"I don't think so." Time said. "Sky's advice tends to vary."

"I had two girlfriends." Sky commented. "One of them got me discounts."

"Well, regardless of how smart he is, he is the first incarnation in your order, correct?" Robin asked.

"Yup." Twilight replied. "He fought against Demise."

"His sword licked me." Sky commented.

"We've all met Ghirahim." Robin said. "It feels kinda weird that he's the one that had to deal with such a sexual villain."

"I probably would have stuck him with my sword, if you know what I'm saying!" Time exclaimed. "Bow Chicka- what?" He asked, as the others looked at him.

"...Wasn't aware of that." Twilight commented.

"Yeah." Time replied. "Would help if you asked about us."

"How much of your sexuality is based off of the fact that it opens up a new realm of innuendos?" Robin asked.

"...Anyway, I come next." Time said. "Yeah, I kinda make things complicated, what with the time travel and constant sex, but, from what I understand, the stories don't mention that last part."

"Actually, if anybody would form a complete timeline, it would be me, Sky, and Young Link." Twilight commented. "I come from the timeline where Time came back from the future, stopped Ganon, and got lost in the Lost Woods. He wound up dying and becoming the Hero's Shade."

"What?" Time asked.

"Oh, don't worry about it." Twilight replied. "I'm pretty sure it's just your younger self's problem."

"Oh." Time replied. "Thank the Triforce for time clones."

"I think I get it." Robin said. "But, my only question is, if you still existed in the Bad Hyrule future, why didn't you stop the return of Ganon?"

Time looked around. "Ok, don't tell Toon this, but I kinda forgot."

"...How is that even possible?" Twilight asked. "Where could you possible have been?"

"Here." Time replied.

"...You let your homeworld suffer just so you could hang around here?" Robin asked.

"Yeah!" Time replied. "Besides, I tried returning after I found out about it during Brawl, but the Goddesses told me that the destruction of Hyrule was destined, so I was forced to stay here!" He grinned. "But hey, it could be worse!"

"...You're another Inigo, aren't you?" Robin asked. "Act's like an ass, but's actually kinda sad?"

"Sometimes I lose matches and I get sad." Sky said.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Twilight asked.

"Nothing." Sky replied. "I just haven't said anything in a while."

"...Look, I don't want to delve into whatever shit the Hero of Time is dealing with, and I got everything I need from you guys, so you can just...leave." Robin said, shooing them off.

The Links got up to leave.

"So you're not allowed to go home?" Twilight asked Time.

"Nope." Time replied.

"...Want to talk about it?" Twilight asked.

"Not really." Time replied.

"...Want to talk about it with-?" Sky asked.

"I'm going to go hit on Samus or something." Time said, exiting ahead of the other two Links, who followed him.

"...I'd ask why Hand keeps those two around, but Sky doesn't seem to have a functioning frontal lobe." Robin commented. "Someone shoot me if I have to deal with an alternate version of myself...again."

So here's the deal: I had the idea of making Sky an idiot since I never played Skyward Sword, Time a pervert, since he deals with a bunch of attractive side characters, and Twilight the straight man.

After determining that, I realized that I had basically made the Links Blue Team from Red vs Blue. So I ran with that.

Up Next: Samus!

Chapter 4: Samus

I wasn't sure what the joke was going to be for this chapter, so I just kinda rambled and this...happened.

"Can I take my armor off?" Samus asked. "I don't usually wear it outside of battle."

"No." Robin replied. "First off, that's bullshit. You don't wear it during battle either. Second, I'm interviewing Samus, not Zero Suit Samus. You took up two character slots, you have to come to two different meetings."

"So you're going to do the same thing with Zelda?" Samus asked.

"Actually, Sheik is Time Zelda." Robin said.

"Really?" Samus asked.

"Yup." Robin replied. "Hand wanted Sheik to have her own place in the tournament, so he called back Time Zelda to take the role."

"That actually explains a lot." Samus reflected. "That would mean the current Zelda had to be Sheik last time, and she never really seemed as comfortable as she was when she first entered the tournament." She sighed. "That Hyrule stuff can get pretty confusing."

"Tell me about it." Robin said. "Now, Mario's interesting." Robin said. "He keeps insisting that he and the Doctor aren't the same person."

"They aren't." Samus replied.

"...Seriously?" Robin asked, disbelieving. "I've never seen the two of them in the same place."

"Just ask them about it." Samus replied. "I'm sure they'll clear up the confusion. I'm not sure what the problem is with talking to me without the armor. You're married, so I assume you're not having the same problem Falcon is with eye contact."

"Believe me when I say you're not the most obnoxious person I've had to deal with when it come to boobs." Robin said. "You're not going to become obsessed with me and randomly hex people, are you?"

"No promises." Samus joked. "So what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Well, I have a few issues, but I figured I should save some of them for when you come back in Zero." Robin replied. "When it comes to the suit, however, we only really have a paperwork issue."

"What's wrong?" Samus asked.

"I don't really understand it, but, according to this paper, we technically don't have the authorization to allow you to use some of the skills in your suit." Robin explained.

"What do you mean we don't have the-" She stopped. "Oh, for Chozo's sake."

"Yes, you do not have the authorization to use some of the features of your suit." A voice replied.

"Who the hell was that?!" Robin exclaimed, nearly jumping out of his seat.

"My apologies." A man suddenly appeared, holding a lamp head in his hands. "My name is General Adam Malkovich. I am Samus's commanding officer?"

"...Were you disguised as a lamp?" Robin asked, looking at the lamp head Adam was holding.

"..." Adam turned to face Samus. "Samus, you shouldn't be using your armor without authorization."

"For God's sake, Adam! I don't work for you anymore!" Samus exclaimed.

"But you respect my authority." Adam replied.

"...Didn't you die?" Robin asked.

"Didn't you die?" Adam replied.

"Well, I'm part dragon-god...thing." Robin said. "What's your excuse?"

"...You didn't even ask for authorization." Adam replied, ignoring the topic.

"I'm sorry, who put you in charge of my personal weaponry?" Samus asked.

"You respected my orders last time." Adam replied.

"You were in charge of that mission. The last thing I need are some officials getting on my case." Samus said.

"Hey! I'm an official!" Robin exclaimed.

"You're not an ass about it." Samus replied.

"...You clearly don't know me that well." Robin admitted. He turned toward Adam. "Look, I get it. You're just bringing up some old crap with Samus because, the fact of the matter is, you're bitter because you're not in Smash."

"Why would you assume that?" Adam asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Because that's the issue everyone has when they come here!" Robin exclaimed. "God, you should have seen how much Chrom was bitching about it when he came to visit. Plus, you seem to be keeping the company that would usually complain about this stuff."

"What are you talking about?" Adam asked.

Robin pointed over to the window, where there was a purple claw sadly clawing at the window.

"...You came here with Ridley?!" Samus exclaimed.

"I did not intentionally come here with him." Adam said. "We were simply heading the same direction and decided that we might as well carpool."

"...You rode here on Ridley?!" Samus exclaimed.

"I would be lying if I said it wasn't magical." Adam said stoically. "Granted, I probably lie most of the time, so you must be used to it."

"I really don't like you." Samus simply said.

"The sexual tension is palpable." Adam monotonously said.

"I will cut you." Samus said.

"Look, I get it. it sucks that Samus is taking up two slots to represent your series." Robin said. "I get it. I'm married to someone who people were complaining about, so I heard a lot about it. The fact is, however, that there is no way in Hell we would let someone as irrelevant as you into the game."

"Is that really your choice?" Adam asked.

"I don't think so, but all of you nobodies keep annoying me about it, so I feel like there might be a misconception." Robin replied. "If you really want to try your luck, take it up with Hand. If you're feeling ballsy, you could try Sakurai."

"Who?" Adam and Samus both asked.

"Don't worry about it." Robin quickly replied. "Now get out of my office or I'll authorize Samus to shove a rocket so far up your ass people will claim the landing was fake."

"I don't need your authorization for anything!" Samus growled, charging her blaster.

"Well, now she's gonna do it no matter what I say. I'd run if I were you." Robin said.

"This meeting has been drawn to a close, I see." Adam said before, in a professional, militaristic sense, hauling ass out of there.

"...You guys were never seriously considering him for the tournament, right?" Samus asked.

"Oh, Naga no!" Robin said. "We don't need any more, non-goofy-or-unique human characters. He didn't even get a trophy. I'd bet dragonface out there would have a better chance getting in."

There was an excited noise from outside the window.

"THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE IN!" Robin shouted. "NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE MAKE AN ELDER SCROLLS CROSSOVER AND GET THE DRAGONBORN ON YOUR ASS!"

There was a sad dragon noise, followed by departing wings.

"...What's a dragonborn?" Samus asked.

"Don't worry about it." Robin replied. "I feel like I didn't pay enough attention to you this meeting. You'll probably have a better time when others are involved."

"Whatever." Samus said. "Now that all that nonsense is over with, I'm going to leave and mentally prepare myself for when you call me back." The bounty hunter left the office.

"...I've only done this three times so far, and I've already had to deal with obscure characters, raps, and clones." Robin sighed. "There is no way I'm getting paid enough for this.

I just kept writing until I decided to end the chapter. My writing can sometimes just be complete improv. Hope you found it funny. If not, theres always next chapter.

I have a bunch of ideas for Samus, with jokes I can do and whatnot, but none of them involve Robin. I'll still be able to do them, I'll just have to wait a bit.

Next up: Yoshi!

Chapter 5: Yoshi

Sorry for the long wait, folks. It's been a busy few weeks, between school, acting stuff, and general life. I also thought, with four different stories in the burner, I might as well start a fifth! It's finals week, and I only have one final left, so I figures, since I have some free time, I'd write a bit. So here this is.

It's kinda short, but I think it gets the joke enough.

"Yoshi, I'm glad you could make it." Robin said to the… Yoshi in front of him.

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed.

"Look, I went through this bullshit with DK." Robin sighed. "I know you can talk, so drop the act."

"Yoshi!"

"It's not funny, Yoshi." Robin said. "My job is to talk to you, but you're not making it easy."

"Yoshi!"

"Dammit, Yoshi!" Robin exclaimed. "If you don't talk straight to me I'll…" He paused. "...You actually can't talk, can you?"

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed positively.

"...Well, this was bound to happen." Robin sighed. "I'm literally working with animals now. Great. I guess I'll have to carry most of the weight for this conversation. I thought you would be smarter."

"Yoshi?" Yoshi exclaimed, tilting his head at the tactician.

"Well, I mean, you raised Mario." Robin replied. "I've met Mario, and you did a...decent job, all things considered. I think you raised Mario. You sure had to deal with him a lot as a baby. Why were storks always carrying him and Luigi around? Were their parents constantly giving them away?"

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed, nodding.

"Wait, really?" Robin asked. The dinosaur nodded again. "So you just kept returning these unwanted children to parents that didn't want them?" Another nod. "That's actually kinda dark. The Mario Brothers might not have had a great childhood."

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed, waving at Robin.

"What are you...what are you doing?" Robin asked, confused. "Nevermind. Anyway, we've been getting complaints about you leaving eggs all over the place. That's a problem by itself, but there have also been complaints about them emitting a horrible stench. Now, I'm not an expert of the biology of Yoshi, but I have been inside of your eggs before. It's not a pleasant experience. However, I know for a fact that the eggs don't smell like...that."

"Yoshi?" Yoshi tilted his head.

"Well, seeing as you only have one...hole, I figured there was not polite way to ask this." Robin said. "Are you pooping in your eggs?"

Silence.

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed.

"That's not a fucking answer, Yoshi!" Robin exclaimed. "That's just your name! You're not a fucking Pokémon! You're some weird dinosaur-lizard-frog-horse-thing that's apparently responsible enough to care for a human child but not above leaving your shit all over the place!"

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed happily.

"I'm sorry." Robin said. "I might be a bit stressed. I'm used to having a bit of a banter with the other person, so this is pretty different for me."

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed.

"I used to run an army." Robin sighed. "This is what I've been reduced to. I'm asking you about poop. I never had to deal with these kind of problems. Worse thing I ever had to deal with was the idea that the woman I fell in love with was my best friend's time traveling daughter."

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed.

"Yeah, I guess the Grima thing was pretty bad, too." Robin admitted. "And the random daughter appearing out of nowhere. You know, this was actually a little therapeutic. Thanks, Yoshi."

"Yoshi!" Yoshi exclaimed with a smile, as he began to leave the office.

"Oh, and stop pooping on everything!" Robin called after him.

"No promises!" Yoshi exclaimed, leaving.

Robin leaned back in his chair with a smile. "What a nice guy."

Beat.

"...That little shit."

Up next: Kirby!

Chapter 6: Kirby

So this chapter wound up being a bit longer then I had anticipated, mainly because, when I had almost finished writing it, a new info source came up. You'll hear more about that in the chapter.

I kinda borrowed the characterization of Kirby off of Brawl in the Family, and will probably do the same with Dedede. I have to make up funny characterizations for over 50 characters, so I think I'm allowed to borrow credited characterizations that do the best job of parodying the character in the same direction I probably would have taken it.

Also, the line breaks were weird in the site editor, so you'll have to deal with the manual lines.

Robin looked at the chair in front of him.

"...Are you sure you don't want a phone book or something?" Robin asked.

"Nope!" Kirby's perky voice exclaimed.

"I can't really see you." Robin commented. "You don't really pass the desk."

"Why's your desk so high anyway?" Kirby asked.

"I took it from home." Robin replied. "I like it. This desk's seen a lot."

"Ok!" Kirby exclaimed. "I get it. I don't need a book! I can't read!"

"...I don't think you understand why I was offering…" Robin mumbled. "Anyway, I don't own a phone book. No one does. I wanted to ask you about why you're such a monster."

"Like a Pokemon?" Kirby asked.

"No, I mean a horrible person." Robin clarified.

"You don't like me?" Kirby asked.

"On principle, no." Robin replied. "I'm don't really like people so don't take it personally."

"I'm not a person." Kirby said.

"...I'm not going to pass up this opportunity." Robin said. "What are you?"

"I'm Kirby!" Kirby exclaimed.

"Right...I should have expected that." Robin sighed. "Science can happen later. Maybe I can get a direct answer from Meta Knight."

"He's grouchy!" Kirby exclaimed.

"Let's not talk about your much cooler and formerly overpowered friend." Robin said. "Let's talk about the complaints we've been getting from Dreamland residents, and, since Master Hand doesn't have a PR department, I've been tasked with dealing with them."

"What's wrong back at home?" Kirby asked.

"Well, as you know, some of our home-worlds have ways for people to watch the tournament from home, including your world." Robin said. "As people watched your matches, they noticed how, when you suck someone up, you pop them back out and copy their ability."

"And?" Kirby asked.

"Hand told me that it wasn't one of the de-power things they do with some of the stronger smashers, which means that this is an ability you've always had." Robin said.

"Yeah. So?" Kirby asked.

"Kirby." Robin said. "Do you understand how many Dreamland residents you've consciously chosen to kill? Do you realize how much of a monstrous murderer that makes you?"

"What's the difference?" Kirby asked.

"What?" Robin asked.

"What's the difference between that and what people thought before?" Kirby asked. "When I saw eating people, people accepted it because they assumed I didn't have any other way. Now that they know I do, does it really make my past actions worse? They were accepted before due to the fact that it needed to be done. I wasn't just eating those people: They were encouraging me."

"..." Robin opened his mouth to respond, then closed it, leaning back in his chair and thinking.

"...Are you gonna eat that?" Kirby asked, pointing a stubby arm at a stapler.

"...I'm not getting paid to consider morality." Robin said, taking the small pile of complaints and burning them. "So what's it like, eating people?"

"People taste like you would expect." Kirby replied. "You taste like an old book."

"Weird." Robin said. Suddenly, there was a flash from the computer on his desk. "What the hell?" He looked looked at the screen. "'Kirby Death Battle Data?' I ordered this a while ago! I've been pulling this conversation out of my ass! This is the last time I outsource my research. Now I have actual stuff to talk to you about!"

"Neat!" Kirby exclaimed.

"...What the fuck?" Robin said. "Says here you're a star warrior infant."

"Yup!" Kirby exclaimed.

"You're a baby." Robin clarified.

"Yup!" Kirby exclaimed.

"...That's...what?" Robin said.

"I don't know why you're so hung up on this." Kirby said. "Mario has his baby self doing stuff with him all the time, and Rosalina attacks people with babies."

"Good point." Robin said. "Also says here that your stomach is literally an alternate dimension that stores everything you eat…"

"So I don't kill people!" Kirby exclaimed.

"No, you just imprison them in your alternate dimension for the rest of their lives." Robin said. "That's not exactly better."

"What does that have to do with the fights?" Kirby asked.

"Nothing directly." Robin replied. "I just feel a bit iffy having you fight in a pacified way here only to go home and be merciless."

"Didn't you lead an army?" Kirby asked.

"Yes." Robin replied.

"And you killed a lot of people?" He asked.

"Well, that comes with the job." Robin replied.

"That's the same with me!" Kirby exclaimed.

"...I really should look more into the politics of Dream Land." Robin reflected.

"Sounds like you're all done with me!" Kirby exclaimed.

"...I suppose." Robin replied. "But I'm bringing you back when I talk to Dedede! I want to get a better idea about your situation."

"Why?" Kirby asked.

"Curiosity." Robin replied. "I've become interested in studying some of the politics of the different worlds represented in the tournament, and a world with a mass murdering baby as a hero sound like something I'd want to read up about."

"I've been eating foods from different worlds!" Kirby exclaimed.

"I bet you have." Robin said, as Kirby left his office without a goodbye. "...I can't tell if he terrifies me or not."

So yeah. I like the way Kirby was portrayed in Brawl in the Family, as cheerful and morally ambiguous.

Check out Death Battle on Screw Attack. You won't be disappointed.

Up next: Fox!

Chapter 7: Fox

I don't really do anything fancy here.

"...Is your name really 'Fox?'" Robin asked the pilot in front of him.

"Yeah." Fox replied. "What's the matter with that?"

"It's a really stupid name, that's what's wrong." Robin replied. "Who in the hell would name their child 'Fox?' It's inane!"

"What's so unbelievable about it?" Fox asked, somewhat offended.

"Well, for starters, you're a Fox named 'Fox.'" Robin replied. "That would be like naming a human baby 'Human' or 'Baby' or 'Guy.'"

"I'm pretty sure there actually are people named 'Guy.'" Fox commented.

"Yeah? Well, they have a stupid name." Robin said. "Anyway, my second point is that this seems to only be a one time thing! Your dad's name was James! That's a real fucking name! And, for some reason, he decided to name his child 'Fox!' Was your dad stupid or something?"

"Don't talk about my father like that!" Fox exclaimed. "He's dead."

"Mine is too. High five." He extended a hand out to Fox, who simply glared at it. Robin retracted the hand. "Right. You might have actually liked your father. Odds are you didn't play a part in his death."

"You killed your father?" Fox asked, surprised.

"He started it!" Robin objected, before settling down. "Anyway, dumb name aside, I wanted to ask you about your stupid moves."

"Stupid moveset?" Fox asked. "People love my moves! They're, like, everyone's favorite moves!"

"They're also some of the least canon moves in the game." Robin replied.

"Well, obviously I couldn't fight in an Arwing." Fox countered. "My moves are based on my moves in the Arwing. I think it's pretty cool."

"That would be pretty cool, if it wasn't also bullshit." Robin said. "The gun I get. Your plain thing fires a gun, so you also have a gun. Clever. Creative. Inspired. It's all the other shit I don't get."

"What do you mean?" Fox asked.

"...Remind me when, in your universe, you lit yourself and fire and launched yourself at your enemies, dashed forward in a speedy flash of deadly light, and used that reflector thing."

"I told you, it was all based off of my Arwing skills!" Fox exclaimed.

"But you never did any of this shit in the Arwing!" Robin exclaimed. "Your moves are just all sort of half assed and weird."

"What about Falcon?" Fox asked. "Where do any of his moves come from?"

"A memorable scene from a forgotten anime." Robin replied. "However, I'll get to that asshole later. This meeting is all about you and you alone. Now, I've written up a few suggestions for a new moveset for you. It's based off the two canonical games we have of you outside your arwing." Robin said, taking out two pieces of paper and handing them to Fox.

Fox looked over the two pages. "...You wrote 'Star Fox Adventures' on this page and you appear to have just spat on it."

"Yeah, my brain kinda shut down trying to think of that game." Robin said. "For one thing, if we ever had to put what's her face in these games, we'd have to use that game as a resource...for another thing, it honestly wasn't your proudest game."

"That was the dinosaur planet, right?" Fox asked.

"Yeah, duh." Robin replied. "What, you don't remember it?"

"No." Fox replied. "I just don't refer to it as 'Star Fox Adventures.' I have a lot of adventures with my team. You'll have to be more specific."

"...Point of the matter is, it may have been an OK action-adventure game, but it wasn't an ideal Star Fox game." Robin said.

"Again, I have no idea what your base of reference is." Fox said. "I thought it was a great Star Fox adventure, mainly because we, well, did it."

"Yeah, well, I'm smarter than you, so shut it." Robin exclaimed. "Anyway, in order to avoid having you use that staff thing or have Trippy running around, we're going to use the other sheet."

Fox looked at the page. "... 'Star Fox Assault?' What was that one about?" He asked.

"The one with the robot things." Robin replied.

"The Aparoids?" Fox asked. "What does the word 'assault' have to do with them?"

"Nothing." Robin replied. "Anyway, I figured you could base your moves off of all the weapons from that game."

"...I'm flattered that you put this much thought into my moves, but I'll keep what I have." Fox said, tossing the paper away.

"But it's not canon!" Robin exclaimed.

"Whose complaining?" Fox asked.

"A lot of people!" Robin replied.

"But wouldn't more people complain about me changing my moveset. It's the main thing that's kept me popular in these tournaments." Fox commented.

"...Good point." Robin admitted. "I suppose you shouldn't mess with a good thing. You're good to go."

"Great. Thanks for this...waste of time." Fox said, standing up and leaving.

"Wait!" Robin said, noticing something. "Are both of your legs prosthetic?"

"What?" Fox said, looking down. "Yeah. I got them taken off to counteract the G-force while I'm flying-"

"You had your legs chopped off so you could be a BETTER PILOT!?" Robin exclaimed.

"...Yes?" Fox said.

"...That's one of the most metal things I've ever heard." Robin said.

"Thank you?" Fox said, confused, before leaving the office.

"...Well, I suppose if they all had their feet cut off, it would explain why all those Star Fox fighters have the same moveset." Robin said to himself.

...It is pretty metal. And a little horrifying.

No real announcements or explaining stuff today. Just a fun chapter.

Up next: Pikachu!

Chapter 8: Pikachu

...I have no idea where this came from. I've been busy with stuff, so chapter updates are kinda slow.

"...Who are you?" Robin asked. Pikachu was seated across from him, as well as a man in a suit and dark sunglasses.

"Pikachu!" Pikachu replied perkly.

"I was talking to the random guy, not you, Pikachu." Robin said.

"Pikachu!" The Pokemon puffed his cheeks.

"No need to be a smartass." Robin complained.

"There is no need to talk to my client like that." The man said.

"Client?" Robin asked.

"Indeed." The man replied. "My name is Ashlin Katchburg, and I foresee all of Mr. Chu's legal issues."

"...Ashlin Katchburg?" Robin asked. "That sounds a lot like-"

"I've been working for Mr. Chu for a long time." Katchburg replied. "Naturally, he thought it would be a 'cute' idea to name his fictional trainer after me."

"Ah, the never-aging Ash Ketchum." Robin replied.

"They had to do some horrible things to that child to keep him from aging." Katchburg commented.

"Well, I can see why Pikachu would need a lawyer." Robin commented. "He can't talk, so I bet people tried to get him to agree with things he couldn't understand."

"That's actually why he hired me to begin with." Katchburg said. " hated acting so, when they began to create a new Pokemon show, he hired me to get him out of it. He's an executive producer, but he is not required to act in the show. They hired another Pikachu to play him, so he still gets royalties."

"Let me get this straight:" Robin said. "Pikachu opted out of acting in a fake show in favor of an inter-dimensional death-match?"

"... has what most people would describe as a 'thirst for blood.'" Katchburg replied.

"Pi! Pika!" Pikachu exclaimed cheerly.

"...Right." Robin said. "Well, you wanted to meet with me, so what's up?"

"I believe we requested an audience with Master Hand?" Katchburg asked.

"Yeah, well, Master Handjob has been making me deal with all the meetings he don't want to do." Robin replied. "I take it you've met with him before?"

"Once every tournament." Katchburg confirmed. "Mr. Chu's image is worth a lot of money, and we just want to make sure it's not being tarnished in any way."

"Well, I'm one of the people in charge of hitting him, so I doubt I'm the best person to be asking about this." Robin admitted.

"We ask nothing of you but to sign this form." Katchburg said, taking out a stack of papers.

"All of those?" Robin asked.

"All you have to do is sign…" The lawyer flipped to the end of the stack. "Here."

Robin examined the paper. "I'd prefer to read it."

"Hand never read it." Katchburg replied.

"I'm not Hand." Robin replied. "Give me five minutes." He took the stack, quickly flipped through it, as if it were a flip book.

"I don't think that was enough time to actually read anything." Katchburg commented, slightly annoyed.

"Yeah, well, here's my signature." Robin said, before setting the papers on fire.

"P-Pika!" Pikachu yelped, surprised.

"What was that?!" Katchburg exclaimed, equally annoyed.

"That was me not signing that piece of crap." Robin replied. "I only had to look at one page in order to see what you were trying to pull."

"Which page?" Katchburg asked. "You burned the contract."

"...Right. Well, it was in the middle of the batch, where you tried to get Pichu back in the tournament." Robin replied. "Why would you want to add a clone of yourself?"

Katchburg looked at Robin, and slowly took off his glasses.

"...What the fuck?" Robin exclaimed.

Katchburg had small, black eyes. Robin looked at him, before it dawned on him.

"You're a Ditto!" Robin exclaimed. "...What does that have to do with any of this?"

"It was a distraction for my client to escape." Katchburg replied. Sure enough, Pikachu was nowhere to be seen.

"What was that about?" Robin asked.

"We are trying to hide the truth." Katchburg replied.

"...Well, you're doing a pretty shitty job at it." Robin commented.

"What makes you say that?" Katchburg asked.

"You literally just told me there was a secret." Robin replied. "I've barely said anything. I pointed out the Pichu thing and your entire plan goes to shambles. You're really bad at this."

"I never went to law school!" Katchburg exclaimed. "Also, I don't have a human brain, so I'm not really good at lying!"

Before Robin could respond, Katchburg melted away, disappearing from the room.

"...This is what happens when you wait nearly a month between updates." Robin commented.

"I-I'm sorry, sir! I didn't know when to stop talking!"

"Katchburg, do I look like I'm looking for excuses? I suppose it doesn't matter. We're just going to have to hope that the white-haired one's disinterest keeps him from investigating the matter."

"What if we just knock him off?"

"No! People would notice! We just have to wait. Given how crazy things can get around here, it's only a matter of time before Hand feels the need to replace Robin. When that happens, we strike!"

"Yes sir, Mr. Chu!"

I began writing it, I felt like there wasn't enough going on, so I had something thrown in from completely out of nowhere. I have an idea of how I'll wrap this up, hopefully by the inevitable Pichu chapter. It kinda reads like an improv scene.

Anyway, up next we have Luigi!

Chapter 9: Luigi

I'd apolige for the long wait, but Luigi does enough apoliging for me.

"Sorry." Luigi said.

"You just got here." Robin said, confused. "What the hell could you be apologizing for?"

"I don't know." Luigi shrugged. "Usually I do something that I have to apologize for, so I just apologize beforehand to save time."

"You have the saddest eyes I've ever seen." Robin commented. "It's like one of those pets in those sad commercials."

"Um...Thank you?" Luigi said, confused and slightly uncomfortable. "So what is this meeting for? What did I do?"

"You didn't do anything." Robin assured him. "We just have to go over a few things, given the new tournament and everything."

"Am I being accused of being a clone?" Luigi asked nervously. "I'm sorry if I'm a clone. Mario and I-"

"Luigi, you're not a clone." Robin assured the green plumber. "You've become pretty unique over the last few years." Robin paused. "That said, there is a bit of a problem with your moveset."

"Oh, I knew it!" Luigi exclaimed. "Is it my look? Cause if he wants it, Mario can just wear my colors as his green alternate and I can just find something else!"

"For Naga's sake, Luigi!" Robin exclaimed. "Stop with the negative thinking! What's with you? Is Mario putting you down? If he is, I've got a few choice words for him."

"No, no!" Luigi exclaimed. "Mario's the best bro a bro could ask for!" Luigi looked down. "Everyone else just reminds me of my place…"

"...Last time I felt I had to be this gentle with someone, she had the mind of a slow child after suffering massive brain damage." Robin said to himself.

"I'm no better." Luigi muttered.

"Shut up, Luigi." Robin shot back.

"Ok…" Luigi said, sinking into himself.

"Look, Luigi, let me be honest with you: that negativity is exactly your problem." Robin said. "It weirds people out."

"So I have to be more positive?" Luigi asked.

"I mean, yeah, and you are delightfully weird, but I think the main issue people have is the fact that you've weaponized your negativity for your final smash." Robin said. "What the fuck is the Negative Zone?"

"I-I don't really know." Luigi stuttered. "It's just, w-when I grab a Smash Ball, something stirs inside of me. I-It's dark and scary, but I welcome it like an old friend. I dance a dance I-I didn't practice, but I know it by heart. It-It is a dance that I know in m-my heart has not been danced since ancient times. I can feel the terror in the souls of those caught in the attack, but I feel more relaxed then I ever felt. I-I'm afraid of the dark, but I let if flow through me. And when it's over, I feel terrified and guilty and wonderful and powerful."

Robin looked at the stuttering plumber. "...You're not Emmeryn. You're Olivia."

"What does that mean?" Luigi asked.

"Nothing." Robin replied. "That terrifying shit aside, can you just not use that as a Final Smash?"

"But it feels natural!" Luigi rebuttled. "I don't want to go against my instinct."

"I understand that more than you know." Robin said. "When I grab a Smash Ball, I feel the urge to turn into a giant demonic dragon god...thing and obliterate my enemies and maybe the world."

"Oh, golly." Luigi stuttered, staring at Robin.

"Now, I don't do that." Robin said. "I simply focus on my 'powerful ties' or some bullshit like that. I summon Chrom, who by the way, will only appear when I get the Smash Ball."

"I...I already knew that." Luigi said.

"I wasn't saying it to you." Robin replied. "Anyway, what else do you think you could use as a Final Smash?'

"Well...I could use my Poltergust 5000!" Luigi exclaimed, pulling out the aforementioned device.

"...Why do all Nintendo characters have access to some sort of hammer space?" Robin mused to himself. "Well, regardless, next time you feel the need to unleash your negative hell on your opponents, pull out your unit and suck as many of them up as you can." He paused. "...That sounded better in my head."

"Gotcha." Luigi said, standing up. "Well, bye-bye now."

Robin sighed. "Luigi." He said, stopping the green plumber. "I feel like someone needs to tell you: You're better than Mario."

"What?" Luigi asked.

"I know, in your world, everyone puts Mario above you, but you should know that everyone else thinks you're better than him. You can run faster and jump higher then him, and he's literally called 'Jumpman.' Mario, despite being almost as popular as Mickey fucking Mouse, is as dull as a brick. You have an interesting and ranged character and personality. I bet more people would date a Luigi then a Mario."

"I-I-I mean, Daisy turned me down-" Luigi stuttered.

"I didn't say you were a lady killer." Robin said. "I just said you were better than Mario. Now, you don't see her with Mario, do you?"

"Why are you throwing Mario under the bus?" Luigi asked, somewhat irritated.

"I'm not throwing him under the bus." Robin said. "I'm putting you over the bus. I'm not great at directly complimenting people. I'm better at saying they're better than other people. The point is you're better then you give yourself credit for, and you should be more confident. You trust me, right?"

"Um…" Luigi stuttered.

"Do you think I'm smart?" Robin asked, knowing it was a more definite question.

"Oh, yup yup!" Luigi exclaimed.

"Well, take my smart guy advice and grow some balls." Robin said. "I mean that in the nicest way possible."

Luigi smiled and left the office.

"...Should I look into the possibility of Luigi being possessed?...Eh, he's fine." Robin said.

Anyone who read Decruited will be having Olivia flashbacks right now. I like Luigi, and stand by the fact he's better then Mario. I had more fun with this chapter then I thought.

Up next: Jigglypuff!

Chapter 10: Jigglypuff

For this chapter, I would recommend pulling up a list of the original 150 Pokemon, so you can follow along at home.

"...Why are you even here?" Robin asked the puffball sitting across from him.

"Puff?" Jigglypuff asked, confused.

"Yeah, I know I called you, but I mean in general." Robin replied. He had no idea what it was saying, but he had done so many of these things that he could simply tell by the tone. "Why, out of all the first generation Pokemon, were you the one they chose to put in this tournament?"

"Jigglypuff!" Jigglypuff exclaimed, puffing up it's cheeks.

"I can prove it too, you know!" Robin exclaimed, pulling out a list. "Let's go through all the first-gen Pokemon and see who would have been a better choice! That's right, we're pulling an Honest Trailers!"

"We had at least one version of the original three starters in Brawl, which got simplified to Charizard in this tournament. My only question is why they didn't use one of them for your spot? I mean, they're probably more iconic, and people would have loved to play as Charizard earlier."

"So you were a better choice than Caterpie through Beedrill. You could make an argument for Beedrill, but they're all just bugs. So congratulations. You beat out some bugs. I hope you feel good about yourself."

"Let's see...I would say you also beat out all the pest pokemon. I know that's not a word, but how else would you describe Pidgey, Rattata, Spearow, and all their evolutions? It'd be impractical to play as any of them, which could also be said about Ekans. Ekans and Arbok, by the way, have impressively stupid names."

"Pikachu got in, so he doesn't count. I would say that Raichu wouldn't get in since Pikachu got in, but then again, Pichu."

"Sandshrew's stupid, but here's something I didn't know: There are male and female versions of Nidoran? That seems excessive, unless they had already planned on the breeding thing, which is pretty disturbing. I mean, what kind of game would encourage strategic forced relationships between playable units to create powerful offspring?"

"Clefairy is like a pointy-er version of you, so I would say it's more combat ready. Granted, I'm not really sure what exactly it does, but you're only really known for the singing thing, so they could fill out the rest."

"Vulpix: no. Ninetales: Maybe."

"I would say Wigglytuff has you beat out right away. I mean, it's literally you, but tougher. ...You know, because the name. Get it? Eh? Eh?"

"Jiggly." Jigglypuff raised up one of its stubby hands.

"...Shut up. I'm a dad. I can make dad jokes if I want to." Robin defended himself.

"Let's see…No on the bat. No on the plant. No on the crab. No on whatever the hell that fluffball/demon thing is supposed to be. Diglett would just be impractical."

"Meowth. Meowth would have been a stellar choice for this tournament, especially if would could get the talking one from the show. That would have been great! A Pokemon I could talk to! I mean, Lucario can talk, but I already know know Lon'qu, so it's basically the same thing, without the whole thing with girls."

"Psyduck...might have worked. I mean, it's iconic and stuff, but, from what I understand, it's generally confused all the time. The monkey thing would fit better, but I think you're more recognizable."

"The lion thing could have worked, but it did take them a while to figure out the four-legged thing. They just only figured it out with four legged thing with Ivysaur and the dog, so I guess there might have been some limitations."

"Puff?" Jigglypuff asked, confused."

"Right...A lot of my arguments have been about gameplay stuff." Robin said. "Let's just say it's regulations and whatnot. Sure."

"Is Pollywag supposed to be a frog? I mean, I get that's where the evolution pattern comes from, but it doesn't explain the swirl parts. That's not what a frog looks like. Greninja is more of a frog then it is, and I think Greninja is suppose to be some sort of lizard."

"I think Kadabra and Alakazam would have been interesting choices. They could attack things with spoons, or charge up a Smash attack and hit their opponent with a bigger spoon. I guess Ness sort of filled out the psychic department, but I still think it would have been cool."

"Machamp would have been interesting, but I suppose it found a better place in that Pokken tournament. Let's not talk about the competition…"

"No to the plant that would be used for porn. No to the squid that would be used for porn. I would prefer a Goron over Golem, but that's just a personal preference."

"I don't think we would be able to have a Ponyta and Rapidash, but I want one. I don't even use a mount but I want one."

"Slowpoke...I honestly can't think of a reason not to have one, but at the same time I can't think of a reason to have him, so let's just pass on that one. Also, I can't tell if Slowbro is a stupid name or not."

"No on the Magnets. That'd be impractical to control and not exactly fair to our robotic combatants. ROB and Mega Man can't say I don't think of them."

"Farfetch'd is trying too hard."

"Doduo and Dodrio kinda freak me out. I'm not big on the multihead thing."

"Seel is literally one of the laziest ones on this list. Not only is it just a seal, but it's literally called 'Seel!' Try harder, Seel. Try harder."

"No one want's to play as Grimer. It's just a pile of shit. Ain't nobody got time for that."

"I have too dirty of a mind to let Shellder or Cloyster into the tournament."

"Jiggly?" Jigglypuff asked. "Puff!" It added.

"You'll find out when you're older." Robin replied, deflecting the question. "And this is all hypothetical, as if I actually had any say in who gets in. No, all that happens to me is that I'm forced to work random jobs for Hand."

"Anyway, I want Gengar. Is it only because Pokken has one? Maybe. It really just reminded me that I liked it, but I honestly can't explain why. It's just cool for some reason."

"Onix would be badass but impractical. It's probably too big."

A cry could be heard from a nearby window.

"Fuck off, Ridley!" Robin exclaimed, shouting over his shoulder. "You're coming off as desperate. Fill out a ballot or something." He grumbled. "Dragons, right?"

"I'm...not really sure what Drowzee and Hypno are supposed to be. I can get the psychic thing, but I think that's really all it has going for it."

"No on the crab, and Voltorb can go suck a Pokeball. Also, is it weird that, when Voltorb evolves to Electrode, it get's a mouth? how would it know what to do with one? Does it just kinda know?"

"No on the eggs, but why are one of them broken? Is it just always kinda dead, or was it born like that? These questions keep me up at night. Well, that and the uncountable amount of lives I've ended."

"Cubone's too sad to add to the tournament. No one would want to fight it. I for one just want to cuddle up with it, eat a pint of ice cream, and cry about our dead moms."

"Hitmonchan's a little too bland to have in the tournament. Oh, whoop-de-do, you punch things. They only just figured out the whole 'all you can do is punch' thing with Mac, and I don't think he would appreciate the competition."

"Lickitung…" Robin shuddered. "...No. Just no."

"Koffing and Weezing are a no go, and to be honest they need professional help."

"Rhyhorn and Rhydon lose points on creativity, like a lot of the others. I think Chansey's chest egg is a liability."

"As for Tangela, well-" Robin's eyes suddenly went pitch black. "***Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Tangela R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn***." He chanted in a voice the echoed onto itself. His eyes returned to normal, causing him to blink in confusion. "I blacked out there for a second. Sorry about that. Anyway, I don't see Tangela having any practical uses."

"Kangaskhan can't fight, even if it is a more badass kangaroo. It has a baby it needs to take care of, and I wouldn't put it above some Smashers to purposefully punch that baby."

"That's a seahorse. That's a fish with a horn on it. That's a starfish."

" Mister Mime has the advantage of having an incredibly uncreative name and a terrifying appearance, and only one of those can be blamed on english translations."

"Scyther would be a no-go because it has no way to pick up items. Yes, that's an important reason, don't look at me like that."

"Ah, yes. Jynx. The Pokemon that was the humanish-looking precursor to people wanting to fuck Pokemon. Let's not go down that rabbit hole."

"I'm not sure what Electabuzz and Magmar are supposed to be, but I can say that they probably wouldn't have gotten in the tournament. Same could be said with Pinsaur. I think these three are the Pokemon version of Mega Man bosses."

"Tauros is completely forgettable, so I'm not even going to go into why I'm not considering it."

"Magikarp is too small and useless, while Gyarados and Lapras are too big. It would be nice if there was some middle-ground between them, but nope. You either get a flopping fish or a giant water Hell beast."

"Ditto is like the prostitute version of Kirby."

"Eevee could actually have had a cool moves, changing between the three different original elements. That would have been cool. Eevee's on the list of better choices then you, Puff ball."

"I'm not really sure what's going on with Porygon, so let's just ignore it."

"Praise Helix...Sorry, I blacked out again."

"I have a strict rule against headcrabs. I don't want to wake up with a Kabuto on my face and have a tiny Kabutops burst out of my chest."

"Aerodactyl has the same problem as...other considerations. He might still be outside, so I'm just going to say no on this one."

"We already have Dedede and Wario, so we basically have Snorlax in the roster already."

"We already have enough near-gods in this tournament, so let's just pass on the god birds."

"Dragonite is what would happen if you fused Charizard with Barney, and I kinda like it. Let's put him on the list."

"Let's just ignore the last one. It's been acting pretty pissy lately."

"So!" Robin said, looking at his list. "On a final count, Pokemon that would have been a better choice then you would have been: Any of the starters, Wigglytuff, Meowth, Kadabra, Alakazam, Eevee and Dragonite."

"Jigglypuff!" Jigglypuff exclaimed, puffing up it's cheeks."

"I know I got distracted, but look on the brightside: you beat out all of those better choices and you're not one of the original Smashers!" Robin exclaimed.

"...Puff?" Jigglypuff asked, narrow it's eyes.

"...Mainly to prove a point. You can leave now." Robin said, dismissively waving a hand.

Jigglypuff waddled over to the door, only to purposefully knock down a filing cabinet and running off.

"...Asshole." Robin muttered. "Well, at least I won't have to do that for all the other Pokemon. That would be hellish."

Robin's words are, like they are most of the time, my own. I'm not doing this for the near thousand other Pokemon I didn't do. If you want to see how that would go down, look up the extended Poke-rap.

Did you know that Google Docs recognizes the names of all the original Pokemon?

Anyway, up next, the lovable Captain Falcon!

Chapter 11: Captain Falcon

I thought this chapter would be quick and easy to write.

All I'll say is I was wrong.

Creativity is weird.

"What's up, THROBin?!" Captain Falcon asked, leaning in to the tactician.

"Please don't call my that." Robin said, glaring at the racer.

"You're gonna have to tell the ladies to stop calling you that!" Falcon replied, saluting Robin.

"I'm married. You've met my wife. I have a daughter." Robin said, annoyed.

"Really?" Falcon asked, sounding curious. "I must have forgotten…"

Robin raised an eyebrow. "You really don't remember? We were all revealed in the same-"

"OH WAIT I WAS TALKING ABOUT MY DIIIIICK!" He exclaimed, violently thrusting in his chair.

Robin sighed and rubbed his forehead. "This is already my least favorite chapter."

"But seriously, Robbie, why'd you call me here?" Falcon asked, calming down slightly.

"Well, I have a couple of questions for you, but I'm starting to think I'm not actually going to get any answers from you." Robin replied, shifting through the papers on his desk.

"Come at me, bro! I can handle a few questions!" Falcon exclaimed, flexing his fingers.

"Not questioning it, Captain." Robin said. "That's actually my first question. Are you an actual captain?"

"Nope!" Falcon exclaimed. "It's just a title! A badass title!"

"I bet it is, for a racer." Robin said. "But apparently you're also a bounty hunter?"

"It's my job!" Falcon exclaimed, pumping his fist. "A BADASS JOB!"

"Are you even good at your job?" Robin asked.

"NOT REALLY!" Falcon exclaimed.

"And you...Falcon Punch people when you...hunt them?" Robin asked, confused.

"No!" Falcon exclaimed. "I shoot them!"

"You shoot them." Robin repeated.

"Yes!" Falcon exclaimed, flexing.

"With that gun on your waist you never use." Robin added.

"I only use it when I KILL!" Falcon exclaimed.

"...Right. It also says here, when you aren't here, you live on an island in isolation due to all the enemies you've made." Robin started, reading off the sheet in his hands.

"YES!" Falcon exclaimed. "I AM A LONELY MAN!"

"You make that very obvious." Robin commented. "Now, my main question for you is, if you're a bounty hunting racer who hunts down his targets using guns, where the hell does your moveset come from?"

"MY AWESOMENESS!" Falcon exclaimed.

"What does that even mean?" Robin asked, irritated.

"I can always do it!" Falcon exclaimed. "I just chose not to! It's way easier to bounty hunt with a gun then with my fists of FALCON PAIN!"

"That's...actually pretty logical." Robin said. "And you wouldn't want to just use a gun for the tournament."

"YES!" Falcon exclaimed. "That would be NO FUN!"

"Ok. Now let's talk about your personality." Robin said.

"There's no way Master Hand would tell you to talk to me about my persona!" Falcon exclaimed.

"First off, he totally would and you know it." Robin retorted. "Second, yeah, this is a me thing. You're an asshole, but, back in your world, you're a less bombastic asshole. Apperently you're some sort of silent, serious badass asshole bounty hunter."

"OH YEAH!" Falcon exclaimed. "BADASSHOLE!"

"...You also seem slightly brain damaged." Robin said. "What's with that, Falcon? Tell me your feelings, Not-A-Real Captain."

"OK!" Falcon exclaimed, posing yet again. "I was the only son of my family! I was raised to be as strict and serious as possible! I did not like that! Hih! Ha! Ho! Man, I'm pretty! I rebelled! I kept the persona, but ditched the special fire powers my family taught me! I use them here, but I also lash out like an obnoxious child! To keep! Up! Appearances!"

"Wait, back up there." Robin said. "This is a family thing? Why isn't that part of your back story? If you have some powerful magical history, that could change the entire course of your series! You could be advertised as a bounty hunting warlock racer!"

"That's not a good idea!" Falcon exclaimed. "Powerful male warlocks run in my family, and all of them are crazy!"

"Really?" Robin asked. "And you don't feel like changing that or anything.

"No way!" Falcon exclaimed. "If there's one thing Mama Dragwire taught me, it's that I shouldn't listen to the dark, controlling voices in my head!"

"I swear to Naga, if you're another character with a dark, depressing backstory…" Robin mumbled to himself. "Wait. Is your last name 'Dragwire?'"

"Something like that!" Falcon exclaimed. "I don't remember that well, what with my RAGING INSANITY!"

"Right." Robin said. "So I'm just going to go ahead and add you to the 'mentally unstable' group of Smashers, if that's alright with you. It's a surprisingly large group."

"OK!" Falcon exclaimed.

Robin sighed. "Now, if you have anything you'd want to bring up to me or Hand-"

"FALCON LEAVE!" Falcon shouted, and exploded in a fiery explosion. The fire vanished as quickly as it started, leaving Robin and his office covered in a black ash.

"...Great. Now I have to get Eario to clean this up before my next meeting." Robin groaned. "I knew I wasn't going to like this chapter."

I'll tell you this much: Falcon is going to be revisited in another chapter. You might be able to guess whose.

Up next: Ness! The last of the original 12 Smashers!

Chapter 12: Ness

Totally finished this in a timely fashion, what are you talking about?

"You really lucked out with your name, Ness." Robin said to the young boy seated at the other side of his desk. "I mean, yeah, they were still in that 'naming the protagonists after consoles' phase, but at least 'Ness' sounds like a real name. The guy before you got 'Ninten.' Could you imagine if the protagonist of MY game was named something stupid like 'Threedeeyes' or 'Weeyu' or 'Chrom?'"

"Isn't Lucina's dad named Chrom?" Ness asked, confused.

"Yeah, it is a pretty stupid name." Robin replied, laughing to himself. "Anyway, Ness, you're a golden boy, and you've been with Smash longer then I have, but, if we want to open your franchise up to the new generation, we have to wade through the weirdness."

"Is this what we're talking about?" Ness asked. "I thought you would say something about my psychic abilities or something."

"I mean, I could talk about those if you'd like." Robin said. "Or, you could buckle up and listen to someone whose game successfully brought his series to a new audience, while keeping what made us special to begin with. Fire Emblem's the new Pokemon, Ness, and I want to make sure your weird game gets in on it."

"I'm fine, thank you." Ness said. "Couldn't you just, I dunno, tell me to stop breaking windows when I play baseball or stop trying to peer into people's minds to learn the facts of life because my father is too distant to tell me himself?"

"That's heavy, but not the sort of heavy that sells copies." Robin responded. "Trust me, all we have to do is subtly turn your game into a dating sim and the money will start flowing. Pokemon did it, I did it, and now you're going to do it! The best part is that you'll get married! Marriage is great!"

"I can't get married!" Ness exclaimed. "I'm thirteen!"

"You're thirteen?" Robin asked. "You look like you're eight. So what? I know people who've gotten married around that age."

"...Why did you really call me here?" Ness asked. "I know you're lying."

"Alright, fine." Robin sighed. "Hand wants me meet with all of the Smashers."

"Why?" Ness asked.

"He didn't tell me, so I've been making up reasons." He replied.

"...How much authority do you actually ha-" Ness began to ask before-

"**INCOMING!"**

Before Robin or Ness could register what was happening, the wall next to them exploded. When the smoke and dust cleared, Robin looked up to see Master Hand hovering above him.

"Holly shit! What the hell was that?!" Robin exclaimed.

"**That was a dramatic entrance! You should try it sometime!"** The Hand replied.

"You could have gone through the door and NOT burst a hole in my office wall!" Robin exclaimed.

"**I don't do doors, Robin!"** Master Hand exclaimed. "**I make them, like how I made this entire world. That's not a hole! It's a self-made Hand entrance! This entire building is not giant hand accessible!"**

"Didn't you build it?" Robin asked, already feeling a headache coming on.

"**Well, if I made it to fit me, you mortal, sentient, full-body beings wouldn't be able to get around, and there are apparently more of you then there are of me!"**

"Where did Ness go?" Robin asked.

"**Probably through that Ness-shaped hole in the wall."** The Hand replied, pointing at the other wall, where there was indeed a Ness-shaped hole in the wall.

"You definitely just hurt him!" Robin exclaimed. "He was like nine! What the hell?"

"**He was twenty, at least!"** Master Hand retorted. "**Then again, I am the disembodied right hand of a superintelligent, inter-dimensional deity with a vague understanding of mortal age and form, so you may know more about that then I do. Either way, he was old enough to play in my murder sport, so he can take a hit or two!"**

"I told you not to call it that." Robin said. "It's hard enough to get people to join the tournament without calling it a 'murder sport.' You don't want the sort of people that name would attract. I think most of them went over to Playstation."

"**You are overestimating how much of a shit I give about that by an impressive amount!"** Master Hand replied.

"Could you just tell me what you want?" Robin asked. "This was supposed to be my last meeting of the day, and now I'm sure I have to get Ness medical attention or something."

"**Oh, no big reason."** Master Hand replied. "**Just wanted to stop by to congratulate you for completing your first twelve interviews!"** The hand closed its fist and threw some confetti at Robin. "**Congratulations, you low tier genius!"**

"...You didn't even get me cake?" Robin asked.

"**You'll get cake when you deal with the Melee crew."** The Hand replied.

"Got it. Anything else you wanted to add before you get out of my office?" Robin asked, pointing toward the hole Master Hand had made on it's way in.

Master Hand turned toward the hole, laughed, and floated behind Robin, placing itself on his shoulder.

"**Robin, Robin, Robin. Running an army has made you too stuck up. You think you're so much better then everyone, that you're in charge. That might be true back home, but this is Smash, baby. Any authority you have is directly given to you by me. You're expendable. Hell, you're one of the most expendable members of the roster. Do you know how many interesting versions of you there are out there? I could chose any of them. I just like you because you have a bit of a funny novelty to you. Have your fun and games, but don't forget who's in charge here. Don't tell me what to do again. And no pointing! That's my thing! Any funny remarks to add to that?"**

"..."

"**Thought so."** The Hand patted Robin's back and flew out of the room.

Robin shuddered to himself, let out a breath, and took a phone out from his desk. He dialed a few numbers and waited.

"Hi, Mario. Ness is hurt. Could you help him?...Ok, then. In that case, have you seen anywhere...Can I talk to him...I'm talking to him right now? Sorry, it's hard to keep up with your insanity over the phone. Anyway, Ness is in a crater somewhere. Fix him."

Robin flopped down on the twin mattresses on the floor of his room. Despite the fact that he and Lucina were the only married couple living in the mansion, they were still given the same bunk bed everyone else got. Robin was pretty sure it was because Master Hand was fucking with him. Not letting that stop them, the couple took the mattresses off of the beds, set them up next to each other on the ground, and used the bed frames as storage.

Lucina, who was reading a book at one of the desks in the room, looked down at her husband, who was groaning into a pillow.

"Rough day?" She asked.

Robin groaned into the pillow.

"Want to talk about it?"

Robin rolled over. "How about we talk about your day first? It could not have been as inane as mine."

"It wasn't really that eventful. I fought a match against Diddy, spared with Meta Knight, and had lunch with the Hero King. I also bought this book for mother. It appears to be about Luigi, but I don't really see him having this sort of adventure." Lucina said, examining the book she was reading.

"I dealt with both Mario Brothers, the three Links, The Hand and a lawyer, and I know for a fact Handy is having me do it just to screw with me." Robin said.

"That sounds...difficult." Lucina said, putting the book down and turning to face her husband. "Why are you doing it?"

"I'm not sure. Probably because there actually are some things I want to address with some of the competitors. Also I'm a glutton for punishment." Robin replied.

"Just pace yourself." Lucina said. "Do one of those interview things a day, kind of like you did back at home when you were firing everyone."

"...You mean in-universe one day, right?" Robin asked. "This story is updated at an embarrassingly slow rate."

"...I suppose so?" Lucina replied, slightly confused by her husband's answer. "Just take some time to make some friends. The Hero King was very interested in talking to you!"

"I have friends." Robin retorted. "Mac and I hang out, and Shulk is there, sometimes."

"OK. Mac counts, but you and I both know you don't that Shulk seriously." Lucina said. "I'm sure you'll find friends in unexpected places."

"I'll try, I guess." Robin said. "As long as you do the same thing. I know she's annoying, but I heard that Peach is having a little 'Ladies-Only' shindig in a few days. You might make some friends."

Lucina grimaced slightly. "...I suppose I could try." Lucina looked away, grabbing the N-phone provided to each competitor. "By the way, Morgan sent me a message saying she was enjoying her travels. She's going to be visiting in a few days, so make sure you have time to meet with her." SHe looked over at Robin, only to find him fast asleep. She smiled to herself.

"Goodnight, my love." She said, kissing his forehead.

I may have jipped Ness out of a chapter, but Earthbound is so weird I wouldn't have known where to start.

Master Hand's voice in my head was a combination of Handsome Jack and Bill Cypher. If you think he sounds crazy, wait until you see Crazy Hand. He is...not coherent.

The story's going to expand a little from here. After each interview...thing, there's going to be a little story about life with the Smashers, usually revolving around Robin, and sometimes Lucina. I hinted at a few of them in the last part. There's going to be a little bit of an overarching plot, but that's not going to be really relevant until the last quarter of the story.

Also, Lucina was talking about the series of books about Luigi from Paper Mario: The Thousand Year Door.

Anyway, up next: Bowser!